

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A busines that this night may execute:)
To morrow coosen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his helpe these foureteene daies;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whome you now must steale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Methinks my moity North from Burton heere
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:
He haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, & runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it altdred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say menay?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

Glen. I can speake *English* Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the *English* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *English* dittie, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen canlticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axele-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:

Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come you shall haue *Trent* turnd.

Hot. I doe not care, He giue thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend:

But in the way of bargaine, marke yeme:
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the indentures drawne? shall we begone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
He hast the writer, and withall,

Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*,

Mor. Fie, cosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:

And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,

A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulted Rauens,

A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of Skimble skamble stuffe,

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,

He held me last night, at least, nine houres,

In reckoning vp the seuerall diuels names,